A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, September 4. 1708.

Review. WELL, honeſt *Bedlam*, what News from *Flanders*, what ſhall become of *Liſle*?

Mad Man. Become of it, why it ſhall be batter'd and bomb'd, mia'd and counter-min'd, attack'd and defended; Men ſhall be kill'd for it both within and without, the *French* ſhall keep it as long as they can, and the Confederates ſhall maſter it as ſoon as they can; and in ſhort it ſhall be a very bloody Siege, or the Mareſchal *De Bouffleurs* ſhall not keep his Word with us.

Rev. Well, but what ſhall be the End of it, what will become of the Siege? Shall we get the Town, tho' we have all theſe Difficulties, or will the *French* be able to raiſe the Siege?

M. What, do you want a mad Prophet? I tell you, Prophecy is none of my Talent, I do not pretend to that Gift.

Rev. Well, but what is your Opinion?

M. My Opinion is, that when the *French* can hold it out no longer, they will ſurrender.

Rev. An admirable Prophet indeed you ſeem to be! Is that your Way of propheſying in *Bedlam*?

M. Why, if it be, it is a more certain Way, than moſt you that are out of *Bedlam* have given us the Trouble of lately.

Rev. I muſt ſpeak mighty plain to you. I find, if I expect a direct Anſwer, pray, will you tell me your Opinion of the long Boaſtings we have had of the *French* giving Battle

Battle to the Confederates, in order to relieve the Town?

M. Why truly, it is not my Opinion, that the *French* will give Battle to the Confederates upon any Occaſion whatſoever; I believe, they are not vain enough to think themſelves in a Condition for it, or the Hazard they will run in it, fit on any Terms to be ventur'd, and therefore I have no Thoughts of the Siege being rais'd that way at all; what they may do by Way of Diverſion, I will not attempt to determine; and what Poſture the Duke of *Marlborough* may be in to take a long March, and yet cover the Siege, I will not be ſo mad to pretend to—But, as I ſaid once before, if he can but cover the Siege of *Liſle*, and yet protect the open Country of *Brabant*, he does the greateſt Action that has been done in theſe Parts of the World, and ſhows himſelf to be a Captain, that the *French* muſt not pretend to diſpute with.

Rev. It is indeed a very nice Piece of Conduct, and the Eyes of all the World are upon it, and according to Cuſtom we are moſt impatient for the Event, even before the Action can be well begun: But what think you, the *High-Flyers* among our Friends ſay of it?

M. No doubt they talk like themſelves, ſeldom as they think, always as they wiſh; pray, how is it?

Rev. You may hit that without being ſcandaliz'd for a Witch, therefore pray gueſs.

M. I ſuppoſe, they magnifie the *French* Troops, they call the Duke of *Burgundy*'s Army 75000 Men, and the Duke of *Berwick*'s 45000; they repreſent the Duke of *Marlborough* as inferiour, and that he is in a great Strait. If he covers the Siege, he muſt abandon all *Brabant*, and leave the *French* to ravage even to the Gates of *Breda*; if he advances to ſuccour *Bruſſels*, and ſecure the open Country, he muſt abandon the Siege, or expoſe Prince *Eugene* to be inſulted in his Trenches; that one of theſe two the *French* will moſt certainly attempt, and that it is impoſſible for him to prevent it.

Rev. Well, and what do they propoſe to themſelves or their Parties by this?

M. O they propoſe, that the Confederacy ſhall get a Blow by it, and then their Cauſe always flouriſhes.

Rev. So that in the firſt Place you grant me, that the *High-Flying* Cauſe is ſupported by the *French* Intereſt, and the Proſperity of the laſt is the Encouragement of the firſt.

M. Who doubts it, they have not the Face to pretend otherwiſe themſelves?

Rev. That is an admirable Panegyrick upon the *High-Flyers* indeed! *Why*, are they not ſworn to the Government? Have not they all taken the Oaths? For the other we do not call *High Flyers* but *Jacobites*.

M. Ay, ay, they take all the Oaths and Abjurations you pleaſe, they ſcruple nothing, a Parliament cannot make an Oath they will not readily ſwallow; they ſwear and for-ſwear, and back-ſwear at any time, and any way you pleaſe. Nor does this at all hinder their firm Adherence to their Cauſe; to be a true *High Flyer*, is to be true to the Party they ſwear againſt, and ſwear to the Party they would deſtroy; Oaths and Abjurations are Tricks of your own to deceive them, and they do but turn the Tables upon you, and make them Snares to deceive your ſelves; they are not therefore to be trick'd out of their Cauſe at that Rate, they will ſerve their true Friends, and at the ſame time ſwear to their Enemies, and if it be not good Goſpel, 'tis good Cunning; and as to the Perjury and future Rewards, which we ſay the Devil will pay them—Let the Devil and them alone to agree about that, they adjourn that to hereafter; the preſent Buſineſs is to carry on their Cauſe and their Party, and in that they conſult not with Religion, or trouble their Heads with Futurity.

Rev. You have given an extraordinary Commendation of them, truly it would tempt any one to be a *High-Flyer* to get ſuch a Character——But pray tell me one thing, they might be *High-Flyers* without this Swearing, and without running theſe Soul-Riſques. What need they ſwear at all, had not they as good remain *Jacobites*?——A *Jacobite* is what he profeſſes to be, and let him be in our Judgment what he will, as to the Wiſdom of it, he honeſtly owns his Principle; if he is an Enemy, he is ſo profeſſedly, and is not aſham'd of it; methinks theſe People ſhould chooſe to be above-board; *what is it they ſwear for?*

M. The

M. The Caſe is plain, *they have two Ends in it*; 1. They gain. 2. They deceive. And of theſe two great Points, I think, I have not Room here to diſcourſe at large, I'll adjourn them to another Day. Mean time, as to their being on the ſame Foot with a *French* Intereſt, *tho' ſworn againſt it*; that they ſtand and fall together, go hand in hand, riſe and ſink by exact Meaſure, and keep Time moſt punctually with one another, is, tho' in it ſelf monſtrous and abſurd, yet really moſt certain and too viſible to be deny'd.

MISCELLANEA.

THE following Letter, being ſent me by a particular Friend, and one that was an Ear Witneſs to the unhappy Truth of the Thing, I could not ſatisfie my ſelf to omit; The Strangeneſs of the Thing deſerves Recording and taking Notice of for the Uſe of Poſterity; the melancholly Providence both to the Eſtates and Lives of the Perſons concern'd deſerves to be taken Notice of, and the Deſire of the ingenious Relater of the Story to be inform'd, and the Uſe it may be of to the Publick, in order to prevent or avoid the Miſchief of the like terrible Diſaſter; theſe are all Arguments why I break off the Thread of this Diſcourſe to inſert this the following Letter.

SIR,

" I Could not but think, that the following Relation of a dreadful Accident, " which happen'd near this Place, was " needful to be made publick; and as the " Cauſes of it are very ſtrange and unac- " countable, it would be very much of " Uſe to the People of this Country, if " you would give us ſome Account of what " you think may be the Occaſion of ſuch a " dreadful Thing; the Particulars are as " follow——— On *Tueſday* Morning " the ... Inſtant, at a Place call'd *Hareſin* " near *Cheſter* in the Street, a Town on " the Road between *New Caſtle* and *Dur-* " *bam*—— About Three a Clock in the " Morning, a terrible Blow was heard, as " loud and dreadful, as if a thouſand Bar- " rels of Gun-Powder had taken Fire, tho' " the Sound was a little deader and flatter " than that of Powder. I heard the Blow at " the Diſtance of about ſix Miles very " plainly.

" This Blow was an Eruption of Air " from ſome Coal-Pitts in the Neighbour- " hood of that Place, about a Mile or little " more from *Lumley* Caſtle, a Houſe of the " Right Honourable the E. of *Scarborough*. " It is not poſſible to give you any Acccount " of Symptoms or Circumſtances, there " being not, as I hear of, one Perſon left " alive, that was at Work in theſe Pitts—— " All we can ſay, is, that it is thought, up- " on working the Coals, they might open " ſome Cavity where this Treaſure of De- " ſtruction was pent up, at which getting " Vent, it broke out with this horrible " Fury at the Mouths of the Pitts.

" The Number of People, Old and " Young, which the Owners of the Works " ſay were in the Pits, are reckon'd ninety " Souls, of which, if there are any left " alive, they are down in the Pitts, and " muſt periſh there, for no Man dare go " down to relieve them, nor can any thing " be let down, the Mouths or Shafts of the " Pitts being ſo torn and fallen in. Several " about 8 or 9 are found, but all of them " blown to pieces, ſome wanting Heads, " and ſome Arms——— And one Man was " blown quite up out of the Mouth of the " Shaft, which is 50 Fathom, and found at " a prodigious Diſtance from the Place. " How high he might be thrown into the " Air, is not known.

" The Violence of the Blow was ſuch, " that ſeveral Houſes at a good Diſtance " from the Place, are ſhatter'd with the " Force of it, and the Gin which works with " Horſes at the Mouth of the Pit, is blown " all away, ſome one way, ſome another. " I cannot have Time to give you a more

" par-

" particular Account of this ſtrange thing, " I may be larger, if you deſire it upon En- " quiry. Mean time I would be glad to " hear your Opinion of this Matter, and " what you think it may proceed from; " it is a lamentable Story, and the Condi- " tion of the poor People, if any are alive " below, is very deplorable, for there is " no coming to relieve them.

I ſhall make at preſent no Comment up on this ſtrange and unuſual Accident; I would be glad any of the ingenious Enquirers into Nature's Wonders would give the World their Opinion in this Caſe, which I promiſe faithfully to relate——— Mean time I ſhall only ſay this, I am not concern'd for the preſent Caſe of the People below, which my Author ſeems to deplore; for I cannot think any of them in a Condition to want our Pity as to this World, it being impoſſible there could be any Cavity, where the Violence of this Eruption would not pierce the Vitals, and burn up the Spirits. ——It would be very obliging, if any Gentlemen pleaſe to give their Thoughts on this Subject, and perhaps it may be uſeful to prevent the Miſchiefs of it for the future—— I ſhall wait ſome while for the Judgments of other and wiſer Men, before I preſume to give my own.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Lately Publiſhd,

A New Deſcription of the World, delineating *Europe*, *Aſia*, *Africa*, and *America*; with a Map and Tables of the Empires, Kingdoms, Provinces, and Cities therein, together with a Chronological and Hiſtorical Account of the Emperors, Kings, Princes, Governments, Religion, Languages, Cuſtoms, Commodities, Revolutions, and Rareties thereof. By *H. Curſon*, Gent. Sold by *John Morphew*, near *Stationers-Hall*.

Theſe are to give Notice,

THat *MARY KIRLEUS*, the Widow of *JOHN KIRLEUS*, Son of Dr. *THO. KIRLEUS*, a Sworn-Phyſician, in Ordinary to King *Charles* II. Sells (rightly prepar'd) his Famous Drink and Pills; experienc'd above 50 Years (by an uncommon Method) to cure all Ulcers, ores, Scabs, Itch, Scurf, Scurvies, Leproſies, Running of the Reins, and the moſt inveterate VENEREAL Diſeaſe, with all its attending Symptoms, without Fluxing, Confinement, or deſtructive Mercurial Preparations: Theſe incomparable Medicines need no Words to expreſs their Virtues; the many miſerable Ones that have been happily cured, after given over by others, ſufficiently recommend them as the moſt Sovereign Remedy in the World againſt all ſuch Malignities: She cures many after Fluxing, and in Compaſſion to the Diſtreſſed, will deal according to the Patient's Ability. The Drink is 3 *s.* the Quart, the Pills 1 *s.* the Box with Directions, and Advice *Gratis*. *NOTE*, The Patient may be effectually cur'd by ſending his Grief in Writing.

†++ *She lives at the Golden-Ball in Hand-Court, over againſt great Turnſtile in Holborn.*

☞ I *Thomas Prichard*, at the *Saracens-Head* in *Little Carter Lane*, near St. *Paul's*, *London*, having a Son who had a very bad Rupture, and applying to Mr. *Bartlett*, at the *Golden Ball* in *Preſcot-ſtreet* in *Goodman's-Fields*, *London*, He perform'd the Cure in four Days to my great Surprize, and my Son has remain'd well ever ſince.

This is to give Notice, that I *Richard Baker*, of *Lawrence-Poltneys Lane*, *Cannonſtreet*, *London*, having had a Rupture for about fifty Years; at laſt I apply'd my ſelf to the late Mr. *Chriſtopher Bartlett*, at the *Golden Ball* by the Tavern in *Preſcot-ſtreet* in *Goodman's-Fields*; who, by his ingenious Invention of Spring-Truſſes and Rupture Spirits, with the Bleſſing of GOD, made a perfect Cure in about eight Months, and I have been perfectly well ever ſince, which is about four or five Years.

NOTE, His Son *P. Bartlett* lives at the ſame Place as above-mention'd, and carries on the ſame Buſineſs, as his Father did; having been by him thoroughly Inſtructed therein.